

Illustrated Fantasy & Sci-Fi From The World's Greatest Artists & Writers

FRANK FRAZETTA FANTASY ILLUSTRATED

1
ST ISSUE

Featuring

RICHARD CORBEN
TONY DANIEL
ALEX HORLEY
JOE JUSKO
ELIO LEONE
JOE LINSNER
DAVID MACK
WENDY PINI
WILLIAM STOUT



\$5.95 USA \$6.95 CAN
SPECIAL EDITION
SPRING 1996 • ISSUE 1

Frazetta

Dear Reader,

I guess the first question is, "So what have I been doing the past couple of years?" The answer to that is quite simple, enjoying precious time with my family. I hope that you enjoy this magazine, many hours have been spent getting it to this stage. What a joy it is to see the work of so many talented artists all featured in one publication. There are few opportunities for those in our artistic community to combine their creative talents and produce something worthwhile...that is the intention of Frank Frazetta Fantasy Illustrated.

Turn the pages and you will find stories from some of the most exciting and creative artists working today. Thank you to all of my fans and fellow artists that have sent cards and letters offering their support.

To inspire a new generation of artists is an honor and a privilege which I welcome and relish.

FRAZETTA



A Letter From The Publishers

Well here we are....after a year of planning and production Frank Frazetta Fantasy Illustrated is a finished magazine. Many thanks to the people who got us to this point; especially the artists and writers who are featured in this very special premiere issue. Thank you also to the media who promoted this release and created public awareness of our project. Most importantly, thank you to the living legend himself, Frank Frazetta, for being the inspiration and soul of this magazine. Frank Frazetta's illustrious career has spanned five decades. His paintings have influenced an entire generation of artists many of whom are featured in this very magazine.

We hope that you enjoy reading Frank Frazetta Fantasy Illustrated as much as we enjoy producing it. It is our intention to provide you, the reader, with art and stories from the best artists and writers in the world in each and every issue. Don't miss our fabulous second issue on sale in May featuring more of your favorite creators. The production schedule will be quarterly this year and will change to bi-monthly in 1999 giving you even more of an opportunity to see the greatest storytelling in the world.

Thank you for purchasing this issue and making it all possible. For without an audience, what is a story? So, sit back, relax and prepare yourself to be thrilled, shocked, saddened and amused. —

Frank Frazetta Fantasy Illustrated #1 is about to begin.

SUBSCRIBE

SAVE more than 30% OFF
the cover price!

Have a full year of
the HOTTEST
illustrated fantasy
magazine brought
right to your door
for only \$16.50
(four issues)

*Canada (\$19.50), Overseas (\$30.00)
US funds only

Name		
Address		
City	State	Zip
I've enclosed \$_____ for a one year subscription (4 issues) of FFI. Please begin my subscription with <input type="checkbox"/> Issue #1 <input type="checkbox"/> Issue #2		
MAIL THIS FORM TO: Frank Frazetta Fantasy Illustrated P.O. Box 2120 Winter Park, FL 32790-0120		

FRANK FRAZETTA FANTASY ILLUSTRATED

Spring 1998 • Volume 1, Number 1

Cover

Frank Frazetta
"The Silver Warrior"

Publishers

James Breitbeil
Joe Kingsley

Art Director

James Breitbeil

Advertising Manager
Joe Kingsley

Graphic Design

Rich Ponder
Eric Needle

Additional Colors/Letters
Blue Earth Press

Separations

Phil Haxo

Circulation Consultants
Irwin Billman
Ralph Perricelli

Foreign Sales
Steve Schanes

QUANTUM CAT ENTERTAINMENT
PHONE (407) 599-1372 FAX (407) 599-0986

Frank Frazetta Fantasy Illustrated is produced and published quarterly by Quantum Cat Entertainment, Inc. Please direct all editorial and subscription related inquiries to Frank Frazetta Fantasy Illustrated, P.O. Box 2120, Winter Park, FL 32790. One year subscription rate (four issues) is \$16.50 (Canada \$19.50) (all other countries \$23.00). All prices are in US funds only.

The Frank Frazetta Fantasy Illustrated is trademarked and Copyrighted Quantum Cat Entertainment, Inc. All stories, characters and artwork in Frank Frazetta Fantasy Illustrated are trademarked™ and Copyrighted® of their respective owners or Frank Frazetta Fantasy Illustrated.

Any reference to previous living or dead is purely coincidental. Frank Frazetta Fantasy Illustrated is not responsible for returning submissions.

Printed in Canada



Contents

ShadowsInTheMist
by Richard Corben



8

ThePsychicWars
by Joseph Michael Linsner
finishes Kevin J Taylor



22

DinosaurPoems
by William Stout



34

TheJury
by Wendy Pini



39

HellRiders
by Joe Jusko



57

LittleThings
by Tony Daniel
and Bahareh Harandi
inked Howard M. Shum



65

InfernusTerra
story Elio Leone
art Alex Horley



77

Kabuki
by David Mack



85

SHADOWS IN THE MIST I WEB OF FEAR

SHAMMAS SHUDDERS IN THE WINDS OF ROLLING AIR. A SIZZLING BUST OF DEMONIC HEAT BURNES OVER THE LONGEST FLAMES. STELLALAN TURNS AND VOMITS UP THE PLATEAU. MAGNET SHAMBLES THROUGH EERILY SIGHT FOLLOWING PAINT TRAILS IN THE SAND. BROWN PAINTER BY THE MOMENT FROM THE CONSTANT WIND BUT BY HOW THE DESTINATION IS APPARENT, THAT SHAMBLES MUST NOW SWIM TO THE SKIES.



SHAMMAS HAS ALWAYS WANTED TO BECOME A CAPTAIN, BUT SHAMBLES' CAPTAIN WOULD ALLOW HER ABOARD THEIR CRRAFT. MOST SUPERSTITIOUS FOLK FEARED HIS STRANGE COLORATION. **MASTER HONCH** HAD ABSORBED THE BIZARRE CREATURES INTO THE RANKS OF HIS SECURITY GUARDS. THUS, SHAMMAS'S JADE COAT MARKED HER AS A TROUBLE MAKER AND

© 1993 RICHARD DREBIN



OH FAIR HOONA,
MY HEART BEATS
FAST WHEREVER
YOU ARE, MEAN

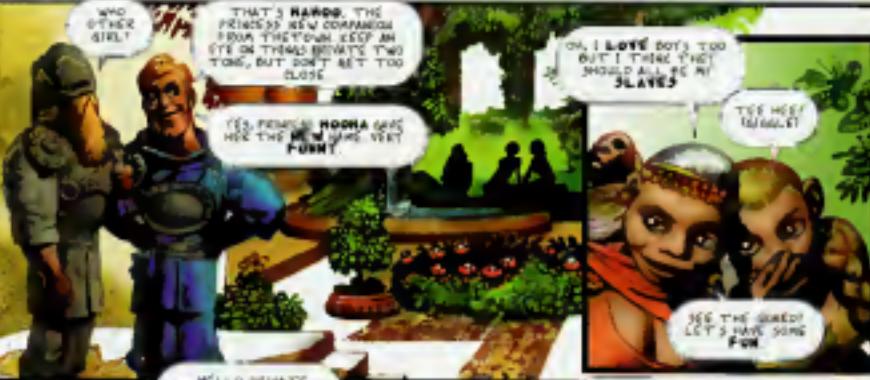
OHAY, YOU UGLY BRUTE,
KEEP AN EYE ON THESE,
BUT DON'T SCARE
HOONA

YEE HEE! I THINK WE
NEED MORE BARBARIAN
WARRIORS AND NEVER
ONLY ONE!

COOCH, SHE HAS A NICE BODY
BUT I HIRE ALL THE **WEIRD**
FLESH I CAN HANDLE

SH. MASTER HONCH'S HOUSE
THE BRUTISH WARS
BEWARE OF THE WITCH IN
THE HOUSE. **MASTER HONCH**'S DAUGHTER
HOONA, CONFIDENCE OR
THIS WOULD HAVE MEANT
INSTANT EXECUTION. THE
VOLUPTUOUS HOONA HARDLY
NOTICED HIS
EXISTENCE. HER
SATISFACTION WAS FOR
THE NOBLE **CAPTAIN**
LOIN.





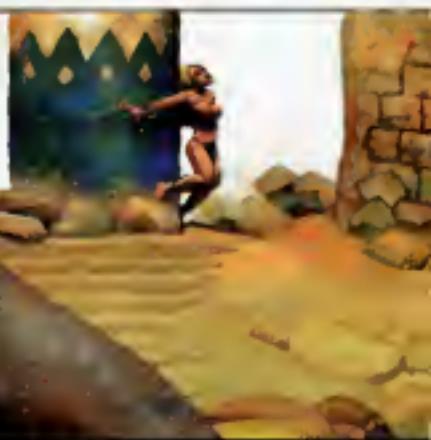
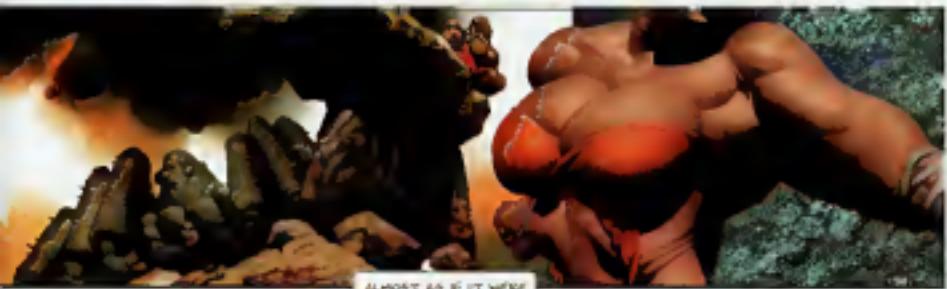
















IT'S NOT
GONE--
MY LOVE --
YOU ARE
STILL MY
LOVER--

YES-- YES

I CAN
FEEL
IT--

I
CAN...

BUT
WAIT--



THE PSYCHIC WARS



STORY &
PENCILS
JOSEPH
MICHAEL
LINSNER
FINISHED ART
KEVIN J.
TAYLOR

©1998 JML



= DEDICATED TO B.O.C. AND...

THE LATE, GREAT WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS



THESE ARE
PAWNS —

THEY'RE JUST
TRYING TO BLOW
ME TO PIECES —

WHERE'S THE
KNIGHT?

THE ONE
WHO'S GONNA
PSYCH ME OUT
AND BLOW
MY MIND —

CRIPPLING
IS EASY —
THESE DAYS ANY MORON
CAN STRAP ON A
PSI-ENHANCER
AND BLOW HIS ENEMIES'
EYES OUT —
BUT IT TAKES
SOMEONE WITH A GIFT,
SOMEONE WITH
REAL IMAGINATION
TO GET INSIDE YOUR
HEAD AND MAKE
YOU CRY AT THE
MEMORY OF
CONVERSATIONS
YOU'VE NEVER HAD —
AND AFTER THAT,
ONCE HE'S GOT
YOUR GUARD DOWN —
BLAMMO —

TELE-DESTRUCTUS —

I WILL BE THE PERFECT
SOLDIER —
BEING MAIMED
DOESN'T SCARE ME —
AT THIS POINT ANYTHING
THAT I WANT TO KEEP
IS TUCKED AWAY SAFELY
INSIDE — TOO DEEP
FOR ANYONE
TO TOUCH —





I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.
HOW CAN YOU BELIEVE
THAT? -- YOU ARE
KIDDING, RIGHT?

I'M
TOTALLY
SERIOUS...

YOU SIMPLY
VIEW REALITY ONE WAY
AND I ANOTHER. I SEE
IT AS LOOSE AND FLOWING,
AND YOU SEE IT AS
TIGHTLY WRAPPED
AND DEFINITE...

I WILL ADMIT,
YOU ARE WRAPPED
TIGHTER THAN
I AM.



THE ... AH ...
SEXUAL
CONTENT HERE IS
TOO STRONG
YOU'LL HAVE TO
TONE IT DOWN

IF YOUR WORK
WAS OF A GOOD
OLD FASHIONED, HONEST
TO GOD, MAN TO MAN,
VIOLENT NATURE --
THEN WE'D HAVE NO
PROBLEM WITH IT.

BUT THIS
'SEX'
BUSINESS HAS
GOT TO GO.



ENOUGH--

I CAN'T
FEEL IT--

I HATE
TO SAY
THIS BUT...

IT'S
GONE.

IT'S TIME
TO GROW
UP

IT'S
OVER--

I'M
TIRED OF
LIVING A LIE.
I HAVEN'T FELT
ANYTHING IN
MONTHS...

MY DESIRE
TO BE A FOOL
FOR YOU IS
GONE.

IN
FACT...

I NEVER
LOVED YOU.

NO



YOU
NEVER
LOVED
ME.



YOU WERE
HAPPY TO SEE
ME GO OFF TO
WAR -- AND ALL I
EVER DID WAS
DREAM OF
YOU —

YOUR
MEMORY KEPT
ME ALIVE -- IT
GAVE ME
HOPE...

BUT
NOW IT'S
GONE.



NOW
I CAN SEE
YOU FOR WHAT
YOU ARE.



NO
MORE
ILLUSIONS —



GOODBYE
CYNTHIA —



CYNTHIA—HE GOT TO CYNTHIA,
MY DREAM GIRL FROM BACK HOME...
I USUALLY KEEP MY
HEAD FULL OF
NONSENSE
SCENARIOS
TO PROTECT
MY INNER
WORLD.
I SHOULD'VE
KNOWN HE
WAS GOOD WHEN
HE THREW MY
FAVORITE ARTIST
AT ME...
I CAN'T BELIEVE HE TURNED
CYNTHIA AGAINST ME.
I'LL NEVER FEEL SAFE.
THINKING ABOUT HER AGAIN.
THIS REALLY IS GOODBYE—
I SWEAR, I LOSE A LITTLE BIT, MORE
EACH TIME OUT. MY HANDS, MY EYES,
THIS TIME... MY LOVER.



SOME DAY I'LL BE THE PERFECT SOLDIER—BECAUSE SOME DAY...



I'LL HAVE NOTHING LEFT TO LOSE—

THE DINOSAUR PARADE

Last night I was awoken
To sleep's dark silence broken
My dreams scattered to the night
Tripping by tiptoe
I slipped to my window
And spied the most marvelous sight
Of dinosaurs dancing
And reptiles prancing
Last night in the Dinosaur Parade.

From slumber they tumbled
Ground under them tumbled
They lumbered and fumbled
For a place in the Dinosaur Parade.



As I sat I saw and listened
Lizard skin in moonlight glistened
Creatures ancient, weird and wizened
Slunk into the Dinosaur Parade.

Plodding painted circus wagons
Drawn by Earth's primal dragons
Dragged and pushed in slow progression
Bumping some from the procession.
Steps tripped into graceful stumble
As more jumped to join the giant jumble
Clumsy prance found fancy feet
Saurians bounced to the building beat.

Staggered spins; swirled spiraled leaps
As reptiles retold away their sleep
Scores of creatures now in motion
Free'd from bonds of stone and ocean.

Duckbilled dandies danced as leaders
Curved crests bobbing, throbbing meters
Whirling rolling rhythm beaters
To the drums of the Dinosaur Parade.
Pirouettes from Triceratops
Performed as a sly pair of hops
Establishing tone, style and pace
Displaying elephantine grace
A knowing smile crept 'cross her face
Causing my heart and soul to race
Last night in the Dinosaur Parade.

Monster max Tyrannosaurus
Never could begin to bore us
The gaping yawn of great big jaws
Long dagger teeth and stronger claws
First class unsurpassed worldbeater
Royal supreme chief meat eater
Naturally selected leader
King of the Dinosaur Parade.

Brontosaurus blundered bold
Stately howdah trimmed in gold
Lumbered down the darkened street
Ground thundered under great gray feet.

Pteranodon's trilled trembled tunes
Swooping, they zoomed past hot air balloons
Harmonies crooned to chairs below
Squeaks squealed high as ballads boomed low.

Heavenly lemon-time lollipop
Were peddled by Pentaceratops
Bipedal Archaeopteryx
Presented eye-popping optic tricks.

Stegosaurus his plates erect,
Designed for shade and to protect,
Waddled forth with out-stretched neck;
A tail spike wake described its trek.
The acrobat was a renegade Raptor
He showed us how to elude a captor
Bouncing hither and yon, this way and that
A free style high flying claved acrobat.

Creatures streamed on down the highway
Rhamphorynchus swarmed the skyway
Iguanodons sporting thumb spikes
Tramped on timeworn local turnpikes
Right where Main Street rounds the bend
Thumped an armor plated friend.
Plodding plump ankylosaur
Sporting club and spikes galore.

Com dogs uncovered by carnivores
Caused a hundred hungry duo-roars.
Fat feeding frenzied dinosaurs
Left trails of candied apple cores
Cotton candy by the clawfull
Caramel popcorn by the jawfull
Fizzy soda filled each man full
Sweet, delicious, rich and awful
That feast in the Dinosaur Parade.

A selection fine and classic
From Triassic to Jurassic
A collection of Cretaceous
Both outrageous and bodacious.
Of dinosaurs dancing
And reptiles prancing
Last night in the Dinosaur Parade.

As a new dawn's sun ascended
The great pageant gently ended.
The saurians ceased their creeping
Stopped their laughing, stayed their leaping
Then lo, the final giant stepped
Like some great tortoise crawled, then crept
But, then, at one last moment---leapt!
Within memories to be kept
Of that night in the Dinosaur Parade.

Sinking back into my pillow
Beaters softly ceased their bellow
I slept from the dreams of ages
Of old animals in stages
Slipped free once from ancient cages
I vowed to create these pages
To bring back the Dinosaur Parade.

I'M SEDIMENTAL OVER YOU

On this old dust an ocean danced;
Sea mud consumed our long romance.
Our lives lost to land primeval,
Deaths disjoined by Earth's upheaval.
Though loam and clay replaced our bones
And our hearts' space filled up with stones,
We lie at last entwined alone
As I'm sedimental over you.

Lost in a strata, sphere's dark might;
Like two schists passing in the night.
I've missed you for a million years,
A billion times; a trillion tears.
Cast astray in time's mortared space,
While we await some distant race.
You shifted up between slate seams;
I felt your kiss within my dreams.

But now so close, we almost touch;
I want to be with you so much.
I sifted down through drifted sand
To touch upon your upturned hand.

A rain of years, raging weather
Brought us both at last together.
Now side by side, a rock romance,
Tossed by time; embraced by chance.

The mountains rose, the oceans fell;
I never wavered from your spell.
Eons passed 'fore eyes had seen us
And pried your form from layers 'tween us.
They cracked and carved away your case
To gaze upon your quarried face,
Your quintessential frame of grace;
I'm still sedimental over you.

Stripping birds of sandstone boulders,
Exposed to light entwoven shoulders.
Hammers, picks; chisels chipped us free.
Skipped distantly from time's dead sea,
Assembled none too carefully.
I'm part of you and you of me,
Together for eternity;
Always sedimental over you.





I HATE MAMMALS

Of all of the beasts
I like mammals least
They're ugly and hairy
Their faces are scary
They're small, tough and mean
Smell bad; they're unclean
They bear their kids live
How do they survive?
They cuddle their young
They make smelly dung
I Hate Mammals!

Use a comb! Go back home! Make 'em roam!
Get 'em outa here!

Keep those long nasal friskers
Referred to as whiskers
And their short furry legs
Away from my eggs.
They breed just like flies
Too many of these guys
They hop, skip and thump
And make my heart jump
Their noise is too loud
For things so endowed
I Hate Mammals!

They're the pits with their tails;
Give me Pits
Get 'em outa here!

They devour strange food.
They're coarse and they're rude
Their bad attitude
Gives me a foul mood.

Moving in; taking over
Named "Spot", "Prince" and "Rover"
Their poop's in our clover
They've stunk like delinquents
Through the Mesozoic sequence
They're up to no good
Not in our neighborhood!
I Hate Mammals!

They're the worst; What a curse!
We're the first
Get 'em outa here!

-----Before it's too late!

THE WORLD OF TWO MOONS

IT IS NOT EARTH

BUT IT COULD BE

[Whisper] [Whisper]



SHUT UP!!

[Whisper] [Whisper]

TIME TO CLAW!

[Chewie] [Pant pant]

NOT
SLOW AND
SLICK, WITH
MY BLADE!
OH, NO...

NOT
FOR THE
LIGHS IF
YOU?





THE JURY

STORY, SCRIPT AND ART BY WENDY PINI
LETTERS BY CHUCK MALLY

THIS... THE
HIDDEN
ONE?

THE OLD
TALES ARE
TRUE!

GRIFFY

GROWL

ROAR

ELFQUEST CREATED BY WENDY AND RICHARD PINI
ELFQUEST ©1987 HARDCORE GRAPHICS INC.
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED



"THEY WERE BOTH STRONG FROM THE START, LIKELY TO TEAR THE HOUSE UP IF YOU LET 'EM!"



"MY BOY LOVED THAT DOG!"

"SO DID I! THE WIFE
PART OF THE FAMILY."



"OUR PROTECTOR."

"...MY HUNTING COMPANION."



"FOR A YEAR AND SOME
IT WAS GOOD LIKE THAT."

"THEN... TONIGHT...
JUST NOW..."



"FOR CARELESS
MOMENT, THE WIFE
AND I ABOUT TO
TURN IN...LOCKIN'
AWAY!"



"I CAN ONLY GUESS HOW IT HAPPENED. I DIDN'T SEE..."

"WE HEARD THE BOY LAUGHIN' OUTSIDE."

"THE ALWAYS LAUGHED LIKE THAT... HEM AND THE DOG AT PLAY!"

"WE DIDN'T WORRY - DON'T RUSH TO PETCH 'EM IN..."

"I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND..."

"THAT SET THE DUMB BRUTE OFF?"

HA HA

HA

HA HA

"WHAT TURNED 'IM SO Sudden like?"

"YOU NEVER KNOW..."



THE SCREAMS WERE
MONSTERLY...

"BUT THEN... THE QUIET!"

"I SAW... BEFORE
THEY DID..."



THAT AWFUL
DEAD QUIET!

OH, HOLY
THIEVENT!



WHAT'S THAT?

WEEH
WEEH

MONSTER!

TAKE
ME
AWAY!

KILL
MONSTERS

KILL
MONSTERS







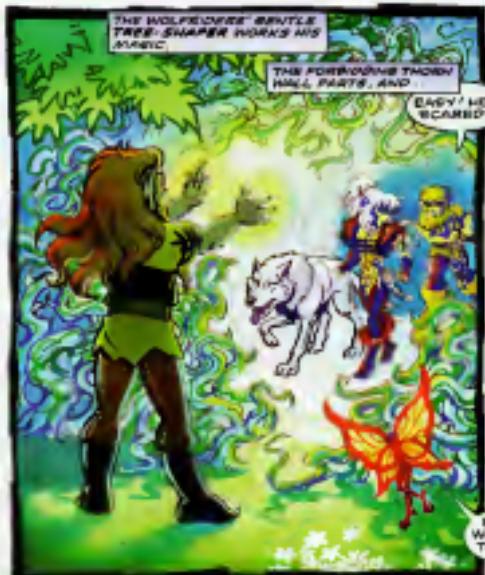
UP THIS RUGGED MOUNTAINPIPE, WHERE THE LONE WINDSPELLED OF "MOUNTAIN CHIEF" DWELL IN THE TOTAL FREEDOM THEY HOLD SACRED.



WHO AND WHAT, BREATH OR HUMAN,
HAS EVER DARED ENTER THE ELFIN
WOLFRIDER'S SECRET FOREST HAVEN?

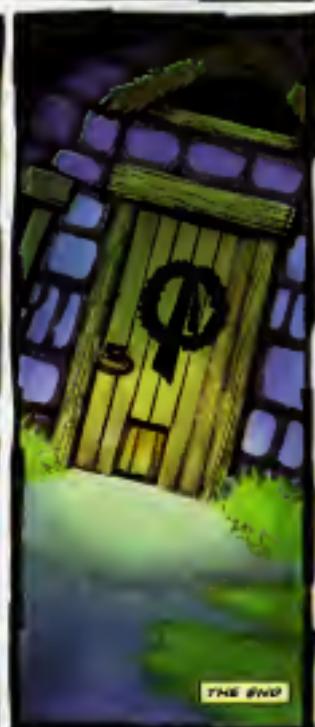
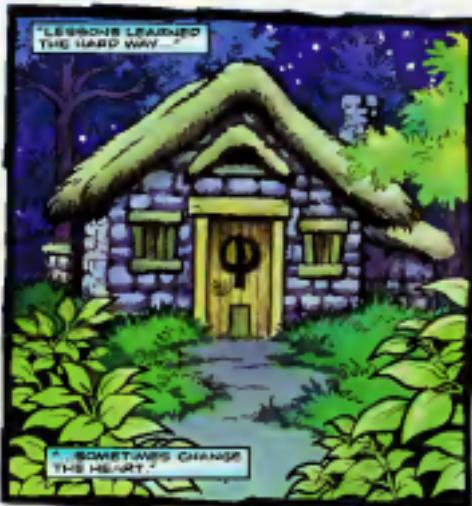
NO CREATURE HAS EVER
BEEN LED, BOUND, BY A ROPE











HELLRIDERS

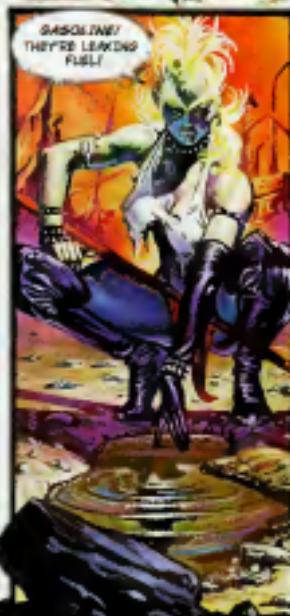
BY JOE LISK

INCORPORATED NEW YORK

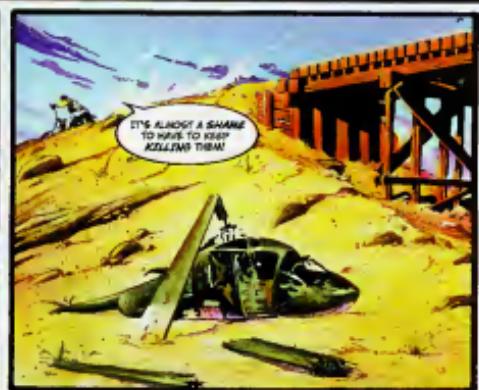
THEY COULD NOT
HAVE FINISHED THIS
WAY, PRIESTESS!

WE MUST
TURN BACK!









T.J. WACLETT IS A SEASLED VETERAN OF THE POST-COVENATION MUTANT WAR



THERE IS NOT MUCH THAT HE HAS NOT SEEN, OR HE HIMSELF PONI STARS DURING THIS CAMPAIGN.



NOTHING, HOWEVER COULD HAVE PREPARED HIM FOR THIS!



CHARLES AVARICE DOES NOT BOTHER TO DESCRIBE THE SIGHT BEFORE HIM.



WAVES OF NAUSEA CRASH OVER HIM. IT IS ALL HE CAN DO TO KEEP FROM WHEEZING AT THE STENCH OF ROTTED MEAT AND DECAYING FLESH.

NOR HOW AD REVELSTON QUICKLY TURN TO BURNING HATEFUL AND UNHOLY PLACES.

THE JUDGE KNEW WHERE TO...



AND A VENGEANCE FOR ALL HUMANITY BECOMES HIS ONLY PLEASURE.



"I'M HB DEARTH"

"I DON'T... WANT!"

"THEY'RE COMING FOR..."

"ROOO?"

"...I'VE FOUND ANIMALS TO
BE A LOT LIKE LOBSTER..."



TO BE CONTINUED



...THEY ALWAYS TASTE BETTER WHEN YOU COOK THEM ALIVE!



TO BE CONTINUED

Little Thingz

BY TONY DANIEL AND
MARSH HARRIS
HAD: HOWARD AL SHAN
COLOR: BLUE EARTH PRESS

DOOMSDAY PARK
DODGE ROUNDEL, VIRGINIA

TIME FOR ANOTHER NIGHTMARE

MAN: YOUNG JONES JUST
TO STAY UP ALL NIGHT! HE
GETS TO WATCH REUNIONS
AND MTV AND STUFF. MISH
I WAS OVER THERE.

BUT NOOO, I GOTTA GO
TO BED ALL EARLY. NO
REUNION, NO MTV, NO NOTHING.

CEPT THE FREAKIN'
MONSTERS.

SHUFFLE
SHUFFLE
SHUFFLE

YAWN—HERE COMES
GRAMPY. JUST LIKE
CLOCKWORM, ROBERT.
HE EVER FORGET TO
CHECK ON ME?

PEE WEE! I DON'T SEE
YOU IN BED! IF I DON'T
SEE YOU IN BED, I CAN'T
TUCK YOU IN...

AAAHH... GRAMPY, TOON RAIDER
PUTS ME TO SLEEP. IT'S THESE
MONSTERS EVERY TIME I GO
TO BED. THEY KEEP SINGIN'
AND STUFF.

PHE WHOO! YOU HAVEN'T
BEEN EATING CANDY IN
BED, HAVE YOU PH?

AH GRAMPY, I DON'T
FEEL LIKE IT. I CAN'T
NEVER GET TO SLEEP
BEFORE MIDNIGHT
ANYMORE ANYHOW!

I KNOW LETTING YOU PLAY
THOSE DOWDUMED VIDEO
GAMES BEFORE BED WOULD
KEEP YOU FROM SLEEPING!

MONSTERS, EH? SINGIN'?
HMM...LET'S HAVE A LOOK-SEE
NOPE. NO MONSTERS HERE!
WAIT A MINUTE...









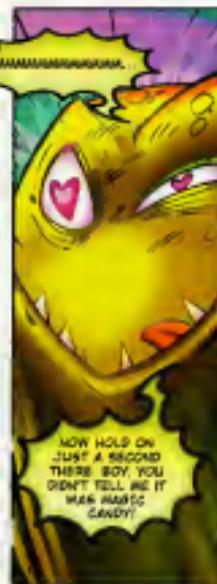
I DUNNO WHO OR WHAT
YOU GUYS ARE, BUT I
WANNA GO HOME, AND
I WANNA GO HOME ADNT

THIS OUTSIDA
BE GOOD.

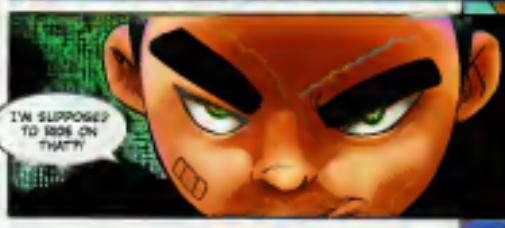
YAAAAWWWWWWWW.
QUIT THE
DRAMA, KID.

SOOOOO...
YOU WANT US TO GET
YOU HOME, HUNT WHY
SHOULD WE DO THAT?
WHAT HAVE YOU EVER
DONE FOR US?





AND I'LL MAKE
SOME MORE
OF THAT
GOOD LOVING!



THOSE CHEAPSKEATE! I WILL GET OUT OF HERE ON THIS THING!

HEY BINKO OR BONKO, OR WHATEVER THE HECK THEY CALL YOU...

... YOU SURE KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOIN'?

OH TEAHEEHEE! IT'S RIGHT OVER HERE!

HUH... MAYBE IT'S OVER THIS-A-WAY?

I THOUGHT YOU KNEW WHERE YOU WERE GOIN'. YOU SILLY RABBIT!

MAYBE I TOOK A WRONG TU-WHOOPS-- MY BAD...

IT'S THE LAND OF THE FORGOTTEN LAVA!

HEY, WATCH IT, BOZO! THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

SORRY, PEE WEE, I CAN'T STICK AROUND! I GOTTA GO NOW!

HOLY SWEET JESUS!

YOU DUMB RABBIT! WAIT TIL I GET HOME! I'M GONNA TEAR UP EVERY ONE OF MY SISTER'S STUFFED BUNNIES!

MUH?

MY PRAYERS HAVE FINALLY BEEN ANSWERED!

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS OF WAITING — I FINALLY GET TO EAT MORE CANDY!

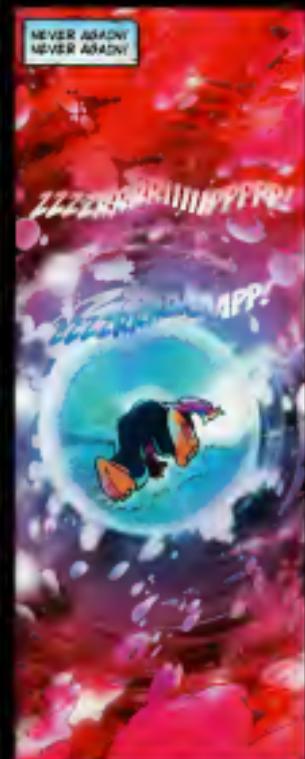
FRENCH FRIED KID AND DESERT TO BOOT!

MAMAGGGGGHHHHH!

PLEASE DON'T EAT ME, MISTER. PLEASE PLEASE

I'LL BE GOOD—I SWEAR!

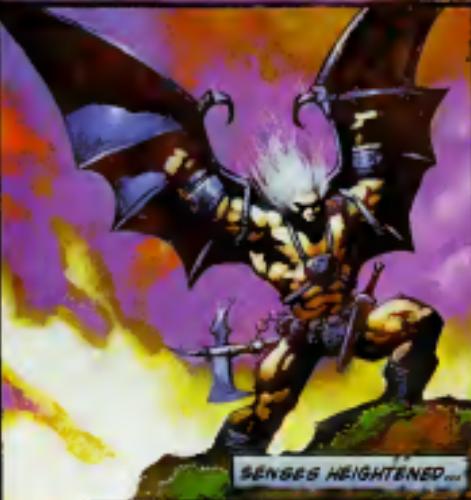




IN A WORLD UNDISCOVERED,
YET CLOSER THAN ANY OTHER...



...A WARRIOR APPROACHES
HIS UNSUSPECTING PREY.



SENSES HEIGHTENED...



HIS PULSE QUICKENED
FROM THE FLIGHT.

INFERNUS TERRA

STORY: ELO LEONE ART: ALEX HORLEY

HE EYES HIS NEXT CONQUEST.







AHHH... CYRUS,
MY VICIOUS PUPPY.

IT SEEMS MY
LORD STILL FINDS
TIME TO ENJOY
LIFE'S PLEASURES.

THE LOCATION OF
OUR NEXT SLAUGHTER.

BUT OF COURSE,
WITHOUT PLEASURE,
LIFE IS NOTHING. NOW,
WHAT DID YOU FIND?

LET'S KILL THEM
ALL, SHALL WE?

AND CYRUS, INSTRUCT
THE GUARDS TO GIVE
ME PRIVACY. I'LL BE
BUSY FOR A WHILE.

THE SKY AND EARTH FILL WITH
THE ATTACKING MARAUDERS...



THE EARTH SHAKES
AND THE PREY QUIVERS...



WE MAY **DIE** TODAY,
BUT NOT WITHOUT FIRST
SENDING A FEW OF THESE
BASTARDS TO HELL!



HELL? ISN'T THIS HELL?
DEATH IS IN THE AIR.

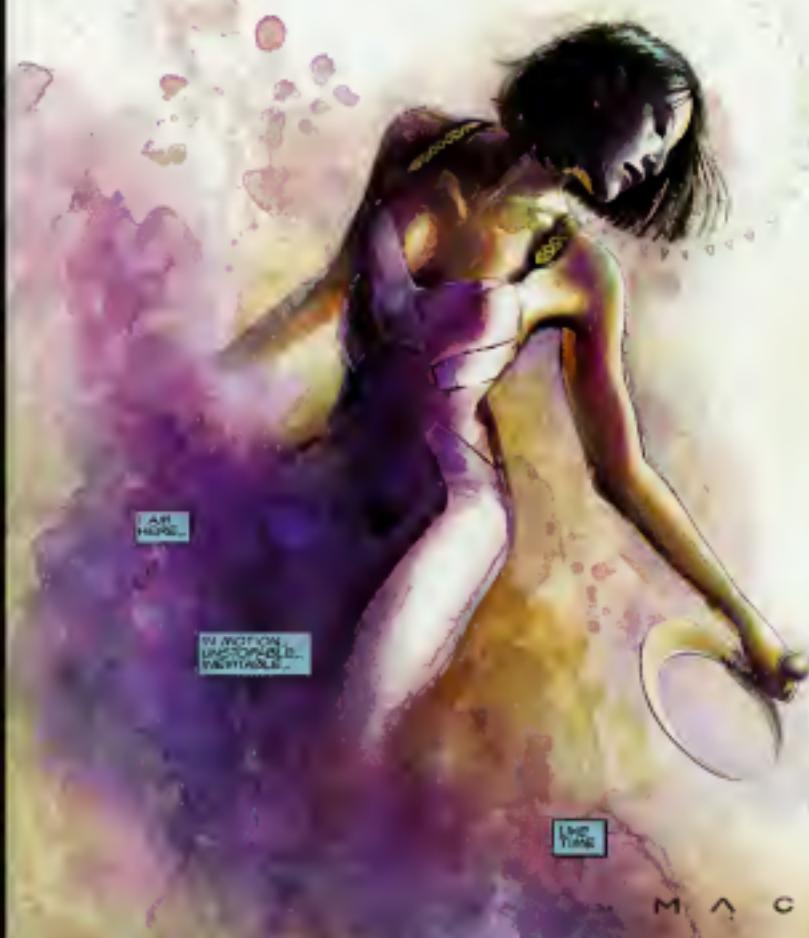


THE SLAUGHTER
BEGINS...

HORLEY '97

CONTINUED
NEXT ISSUE

KABUKI



AT
HOME...

IN MOTION.
UNSTOPPABLE.
INVITABLE...

LIVE
TIME

MACK



UNKNOWN
FUGITIVE,
A FELON OF
NEWTON'S LAW.

AM
十一

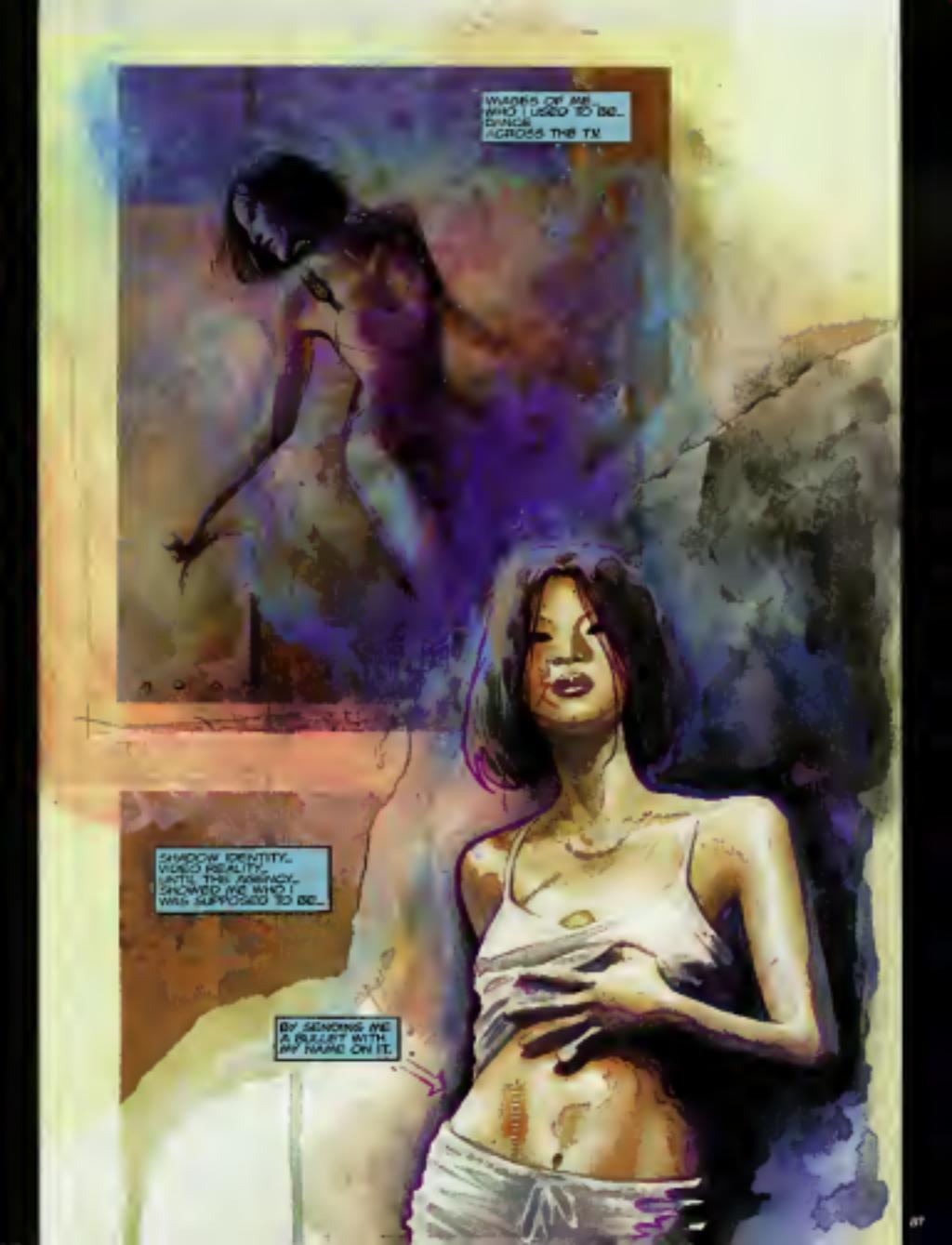
ANSWER

AN OBJECT
AT REST

バストの根線も
もうコロクない

1934

THE TELEVISION
PREMIERES IN MOTION
COMOTION. AGENTS
OF THE NIGHT



MEMORIES OF ME
WHO I USED TO BE
DANCING
ACROSS THE TX

SHADOW IDENTITY—
VIDEO REALITY.
UNTIL THIS ACCIDENT
SHOWED ME WHO I
WAS SUPPOSED TO BE.

BY GIVING ME
A BULLET WITH
MY NAME ON IT.



I WAKE UP TO FIND
MYSELF IN THE PLACE
THAT BAD AGENTS GO
WHEN THEY DIE.

IT'S CALLED
CONTROL
CORPS.

WATER
KABUKI
MASK
COUNTRY
SCARF
CRATE
GENERAL
GUN
ANTWERP
QUESTIONS
DAYS
SCALES

A PLACE THAT
COLLECTS
DEFECTIVE
OPERATIVES.

THEY PICK MY BRAIN
THEY SET ME UP
THEY FIND OUT WHAT
MAKES ME TICK.

創造の一月

勝 承 大

猪 田 亮 雄

おひなさんたち
乳母みの方



乳母みの方

この年は大いに
成長が必要です
小説の題材には
この年は大いに

ABOUT MY MOTHER

TICK TOCK TURN BACK
THE CLOCK DOG.

ABOUT MY MOTHER

猪 田 亮 雄
著者
「おひなさんたち」
「乳母みの方」

この年は大いに
成長が必要です
小説の題材には
この年は大いに

M O T H E R



WHO MAKES
WE TALK ABOUT
NO SORROW

POURING BLOOD
PEEKING AGAIN.
ANNOUNCED NAME
IN THE FORM OF RAIN
ONE SINGLE BALLET
WITH MY NAME.



FACE CRACKED
TIME PROFOUND
MASS MY MASK
TERRIBLY.

I HAVE NO FACE,
AIR BRIGHT ONLY
TWICE A DAY.

BUT I CAN
NOT COUNT
TO NAME.

私の顔を返せ



THAT ARE MANY NAMES
WHICH I AM

NAMELESS

NAMELESS

NAMELESS

PLAID DRAPE THAT IS LAYERED

WIND IN BLOOM

IT IS A PLATE GLAZED, 2 AN UNBURNED, AGAIN.

PLAID DRAPE THAT IS LAYERED
IN BLOOM, WIND IN BLOOM.

IT IS A PLATE GLAZED,

2 AN UNBURNED, AGAIN.

WITH ALL
THE PAIN
IN THE
WORLD
I AM

G C R S

1000 MINUTES
1 BACK DEAD

MOTHER, WHEN
YOU FIRST
CAME TO ME.

NOW YOU MIGHT
ONLY IN MY DREAMS
HAVE ANYTHING I WAS
IN YOUR WORDS

YOU CHOO
WHEN I
WAS BORN

CAN WE NOT BOTH
INHABIT THE SAME
PHYSICAL WORLD
AT ONCE?

AM A SHELL
OF MY FORMER SELF.

MY HEART
IS LIKE
A SPIDER'S
WEB.

I HAVE A DRAGON
ON MY BACK
IN THE SHAPE OF
A QUESTION MARK.

MY SKULL IS THE SHAPE
OF A CHALMERS TOOL.
CHALMERS WAS
MY MOTHER'S NAME.

HOW I SEE
THAT
IT TOO IS A
QUESTION MARK.

THESE
ARE TWO
ANSWERS



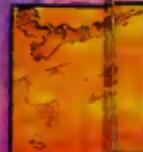
WHEN I CLOSE
MY EYES,
I SEE THE SUN



TURN BACK TIME
OF GOLD
CARIBON BIRD



TAKES AN TO
THE PAST
UNMASKED
ENTRANCE



I MUST
PULL
MYSELF
TOGETHER



U



FACE THE
FUTURE

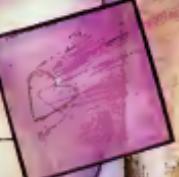
W

U

Y

Z

W



A woman with dark hair and a white mask covering her eyes and mouth. She is holding a small object in her hand. The background is light and textured.

I KNOW WHO I AM
IT'S WRITTEN ALL
OVER MY FACE.

KAREN

FACE FROZEN

I AM EIGHT
THIRTY A DAY

BUT I CAN
ONLY COUNT
TO NINE.